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NELVANA OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS IN GLACIA

CAPT. WONDER

FREE CONTEST

DINGLE

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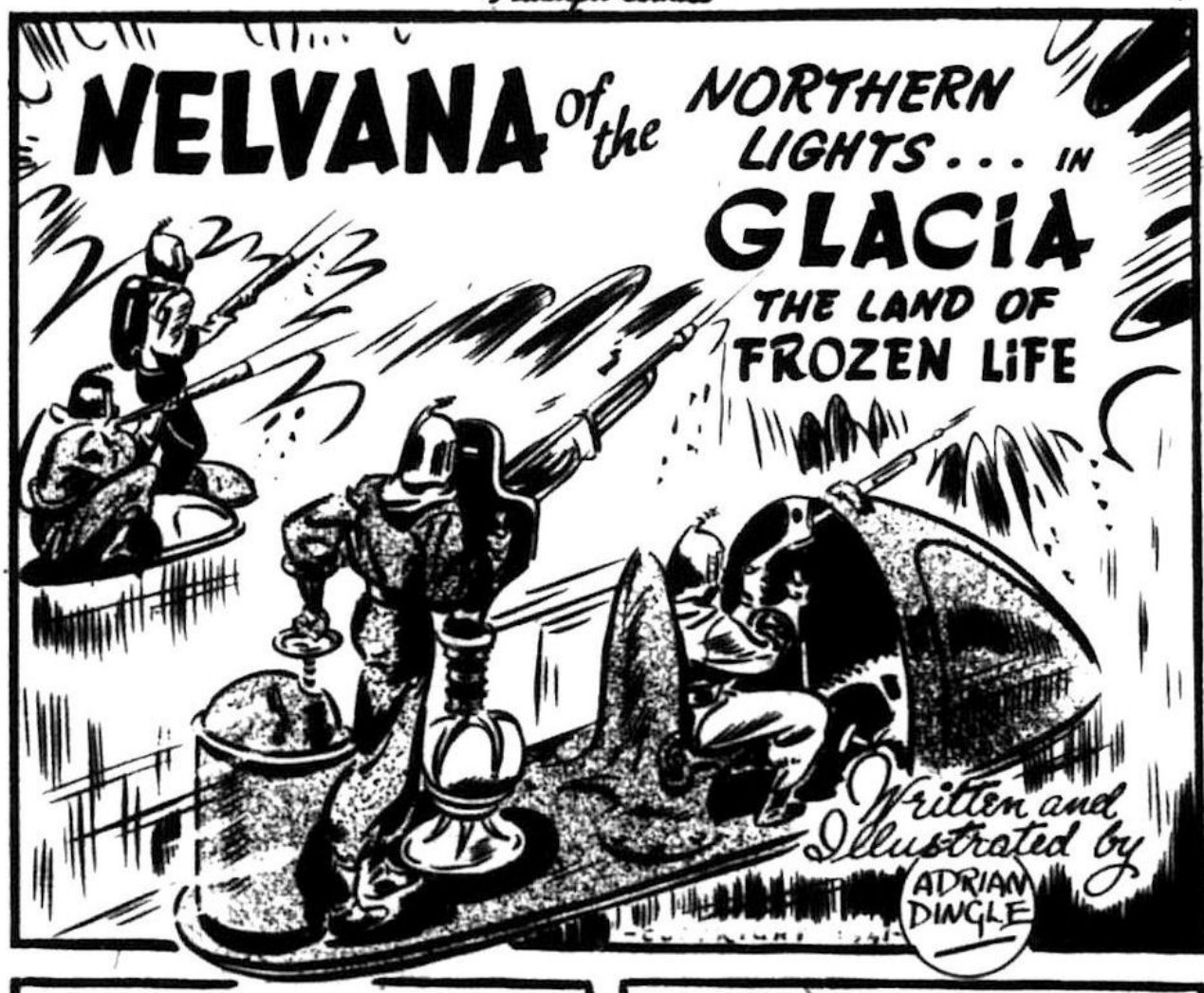
NELVANA of the NORTHERN LIGHTS... IN GLACIA THE LAND OF FROZEN LIFE



~ CHAPTER TWO ~

"THE DREADED MAMMOTH-MEN!"

SYNOPSIS

PROTECTED BY THE POWERFUL RAY OF *KOLIAK*, KING OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS, NELVANA DESCENDED A HUGE CREVASSE BELOW THE POLE STAR, IN SEARCH OF THE STRANGE, FROZEN WORLD OF *GLACIA*, WHEREIN LIES THE SECRET OF *UNDYING LIFE*.

REACHING A GIANT COURTYARD, SHE SAW THROUGH ITS TRANSPARENT FLOOR, *THE FROZEN UNIVERSE*, WHICH HAS REMAINED IN SILENCE FOR *FIVE MILLION YEARS*. WHILE WALKING ALONG THE STREETS, NELVANA FOUND A STATUE, WHICH SLOWLY MELTED AND CAME TO LIFE, CRYING,--"*I, TARGA, WILL SAVE YOU, FATHER.*" THEN THE STRANGER DASHED OUT OF SIGHT ON A WEIRD PLATFORM. NELVANA FOLLOWED AND CAME UPON A HORRIBLE SIGHT,---A TOWERING MONSTER, WITH TARGA'S FATHER CLENCHED IN ITS FROZEN CLAW---

TARGA SCALES THE HAIRY BRUTE, AND REACHES HIS FATHER'S FROZEN BODY, JUST AS THE IMMENSE JAWS BEGIN TO YAWN--- LIFE IS RETURNING TO GLACIA!

REALIZING THAT THE GIANT ANIMAL IS RETURNING TO LIFE, NELVANA YELLS A WARNING UP TO TARGA!
LOOK OUT, TARGA, IT--IT'S MOVING!
TARGA LOOKS ALOFT IN TIME TO SEE THE MONSTER'S CAVERNOUS MOUTH COMING CLOSER.
IF ONLY I CAN REACH MY FATHER BEFORE LIFE ENTERS THE BRUTE'S ARM!
BUT TARGA'S ATTENTION IS ATTRACTED BY A MOVEMENT OF THE GIANT HAND THAT HOLDS HIS FATHER--- HE DRAWS A STRANGE WEAPON FROM HIS ARM HOLSTER.
IN A FLASH, THE GLACIAN PICKS UP THE ELDER MAN'S UNCONSCIOUS BODY, AS HE BLASTS HIS GUN AT THE MONSTER'S HAND.

A DEAFENING SHRIEK OF PAIN, AND THE COLOSSAL HAND BEGINS TO DISINTEGRATE.
AT THE SAME TIME, TARGA LEAPS WILDLY INTO SPACE.
AFTER A HAIRSPLITTING SECOND HE LANDS ON A BALCONY OF A NEARBY BUILDING AND SLIPS OUT OF SIGHT.
IN A FIT OF UNLEASHED FURY, THE BRUTE LOOKED ABOUT FOR SOMETHING TO DESTROY, AS THOUGH IT WERE ACTING ON THE IMPULSE OF A MIND GREATER THAN ITS OWN.
AT THE GIANT ANIMAL'S FEET STOOD NELVANA, ENVELOPED IN A STRANGE BLUE-GREEN LIGHT.

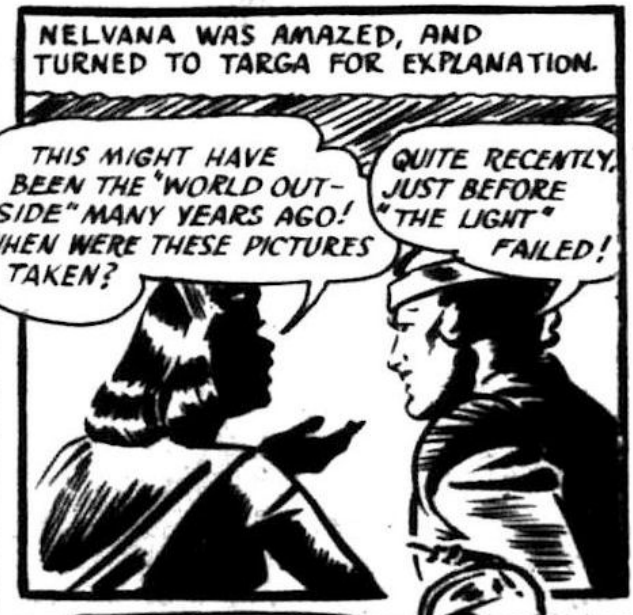
THE MONSTER STOOPED WITH MINGLED CURIOSITY AND RAGE, TO VIEW THE ALLURING BEAUTY AT CLOSE RANGE-
SUDDENLY, THE FEARLESS NELVANA SEEMED TO SPEAK A FEW WORDS--- THEN FOLLOWED A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT, WHICH STRUCK THE BRUTE WITH THE FORCE OF A LIGHTNING BOLT-
THE TOWERING BEAST QUIVERED FOR A MOMENT AND THEN, WITH A RESOUNDING CRASH,---HEAVED OVER INTO SPACE---A CHARRED MASS.
THE STRANGE, FAIR ONE POSSESSES POWERS GREATER THAN OUR OWN! COME, MY SON, LET US GO TO HER!

ARE YOU ALRIGHT?
YES, MY CHILD, BUT FOR A MYSTERIOUS POWER, THE MAMMOTH-MAN WOULD HAVE DESTROYED US! I AM KING RANO, WHAT IS YOUR NAME?
I AM NELVANA, OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS FROM THE WORLD ABOVE!
"THE WORLD ABOVE, YOU SAY, WHY ONLY DINOSAURS AND MAMMOTHS, THE ANCESTORS OF THE BRUTE YOU KILLED, ROAM ABOVE!
THESE MAMMOTH-MEN HAVE BEEN TRAINED TO DESTROY US BY THE WICKED SCIENTIST, VULTOR, WHOSE DISTORTED MIND TRANSFORMED HIM MANY CENTURIES AGO TO A STATE OF HALF-MAN, HALF-BRUTE. HE HAS HYPNOTIZED THESE BEAST-MEN TO ATTACK AND WIN GLACIA FOR FOR HIMSELF!
THE KING AND TARGA EACH PRESSED A BUTTON ON A SMALL SWITCHBOARD ON THEIR BELTS, AND IMMEDIATELY THEY WERE PROPELLED FORWARD ON THEIR STRANGE PLATFORMS.
COME WITH US, MY CHILD, WE WILL SHOW YOU THAT WE, TOO, KNOW OF YOUR "WORLD ABOVE!"
I AM INTRIGUED BY YOUR STRANGE HEAD-DRESS AND MOVING PLATFORMS, TARGA!
AH, YES! WE RE-CEIVE OUR BODY TEMPERA-TURE FROM THE "LIFE-LIGHT" ABOVE, WHICH SHINES THROUGH THE POLARITE ROOF TO THESE ELECTRONS ON OUR HEADS. THIS POWER OPERATES OUR GLIDERS.

SOMETIMES THE LIGHT FAILS, AND GLACIA'S TEMPERATURE DROPS TO 150° BELOW ZERO-- A PERFECT TEMPERATURE IN WHICH TO PRESERVE LIFE IN FROZEN FORM!
THEN YOU HAVE JUST PASSED THROUGH SUCH A PHASE?
APPARENTLY! BUT ONLY FOR A SHORT TIME, I SHOULD SAY! THE POPULACE ONCE MORE RESUMES ITS NORMAL DUTIES! COME! THE PALACE GATES!
NELVANA AND HER ROYAL ESCORTS ENTER THE MAGNIFICENT PALACE, WHERE SHE IS USHERED INTO A LARGE, BEAUTIFULLY FURNISHED ROOM!
ARE YOU AMAZED AT OUR LUXURIOUS SURROUNDINGS?
YOUR WORLD WOULD BE CONSIDERED MOST ADVANCED, BY "THE WORLD ABOVE!"
THE FAIR ONE SPEAKS TRULY! NOW, SON, IF YOU WILL?
TARGA STEPPED TO THE FAR WALL AND PRESSED A BUTTON! A TRAP-DOOR IN THE CEILING BEGAN TO OPEN.
WE HAVE KEPT A VISUAL RECORD OF THE "WORLD OUTSIDE," BUT IT HAS PROVED DISAPPOINTING!
CLICK!!
A COMPLICATED APPARATUS BEGAN TO DESCEND, AND THE ROOM GREW DARK.
COME, NELVANA, WE WILL SHOW YOU YOUR WORLD!

NELVANA, KING RANO AND TARGA, SEAT THEMSELVES BEFORE A HUGE SCREEN -- A BEAM OF LIGHT SUDDENLY FLASHES FROM THE HUGE CAMERA BEHIND THEM.
NOW YOU WILL SEE WHY WE FIND IT DIFFICULT TO PLACE YOUR ADVANCED BEAUTY AND INTELLECT!

BEFORE THEM, APPEARED AN ACTUAL MOVIE OF PREHISTORIC LIFE AND VEGETATION, MILLIONS OF YEARS OLD.


NELVANA WAS AMAZED, AND TURNED TO TARGA FOR EXPLANATION.
THIS MIGHT HAVE BEEN THE "WORLD OUT-SIDE" MANY YEARS AGO! WHEN WERE THESE PICTURES TAKEN?
QUITE RECENTLY, JUST BEFORE "THE LIGHT" FAILED!

SO THAT WAS IT! GLACIA HAD BEEN ASLEEP FOR 5 MILLION YEARS. BUT, TO THE GLACIANS IT WAS JUST ANOTHER SHORT PASSAGE OF TIME SINCE "THE LIGHT" FAILED! SUDDENLY -- THE MAJESTIC SILENCE IS BROKEN BY THE UNHERALDED ENTRANCE OF A COURT CENTURION.

YES, FAITHFUL ONE! WHAT CAUSES THIS SUDDEN INTERRUPTION?

O, MIGHTY RULER OF GLACIA, THE DREADED MAMMOTH-MEN ARE EVEN NOW AT OUR GATES!
WHAT! HAS THAT BESTIAL VULTOR SENT HIS BRUTE SLAVES TO STORM OUR CITY?
YES! ROYAL SON OF RANO! HE IS APPARENTLY ENRAGED BY THE SPOILING OF HIS PLOT TO CAPTURE OUR NOBLE KING!
TARGA DISAPPEARED INTO ANOTHER ROOM AND RETURNED WITH REMARKABLE SPEED, IN A NEW COSTUME WITH STRANGE HEAD-GEAR AND GAUNTLETS.
THESE UNIFORMS ARE THE RESULT OF MUCH EXPERIMENT! THIS MATERIAL RESISTS THE POWERFUL CENTIGRADE HEAT OF OUR LIQUID AIR BARRAGE!
SUMMON ALL MEN TO APPEAR BEFORE ME, IN THE "SQUARE OF LIGHT," ARRAYED IN FULL BATTLE ATTIRE!

I, TOO, CAN HELP! LET ME COME!
NO! THIS IS NO WORK FOR A WOMAN! YOU MUST STAY HERE!
WITHOUT ANOTHER WORD, TARGA PRESSED A BUTTON AT HIS BELT, AND DASHED OUT OF SIGHT ON HIS POLAR GLIDER---THE PERSISTENT NELVANA AT HIS HEELS.
THE SQUARE WAS FILLED WITH GLACIANS IN SIMILAR COSTUME. NELVANA'S ENTRANCE CREATED MUCH EMOTION.
ORDER!

NELVANA! IF YOU INSIST ON STAYING, DON THIS!! I HAVE NO TIME TO ARGUE!
NONSENSE! YOU UNDER-ESTIMATE MY POWER TO PROTECT MYSELF!
THE STRANGE WOMAN FROM AFAR, MUST BE INSANE! SEE,--SHE REFUSES ALL AID!
H'MM! PITY! SHE IS TOO BEAUTIFUL TO DIE!

HERE THEY COME!
ROAR
ADVANCING TO THE FORE-FRONT OF HIS ARMY, TARGA TENSELY AWAITED THE APPROACH OF THE MAMMOTH-MEN-
EVERY MAN - ATTENTION! --AWAIT MY SIGNAL!

MINUTES LATER, THE TOWERING BRUTES COULD BE SEEN! --ON, ON THEY CAME TO-WARD THE CITY'S HEART, WADDLING FROM SIDE TO SIDE, LIKE GIANT MECHAN--ICAL TOYS.

TARGA TURNED TO GIVE LAST MINUTE INSTRUCTIONS --FOLLOWED A BREATHLESS PAUSE, THEN, ABOVE THE TUMULT --- THE LEADER'S VOICE ---
CHARGE!

THE ROYAL COMMAND RELEASED THOU-SANDS OF SHOCK-TROOPS; GLIDER PLATFORMS MOVING FORWARD IN PERFECT FORMATION-

THEN FOLLOWED THE ARTILLERY UNITS, SENDING A DEADLY BARRAGE OF LIQUID AIR INTO THE INVADERS. THE BATTLE FOR GLACIA HAD BEGUN.

CLOUDS OF HISSING, LIQUID-AIR MET THE INVADERS, BOWLING THE BRUTES IN THE FORE-FRONT LIKE TITANIC NINE-PINS. BUT THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE WAS SHORT-LIVED.
THE MAMMOTH-MEN BECAME ENRAGED BY THE SIGHT OF THEIR FALLEN COMPANIONS!
THE ENFURIATED COLOSSIANS LUMBERED THROUGH THE CITY, LASHING AND COMBING THE DEFENDERS MERCILESSLY, WITH THEIR WICKED CLAWS. PANDEMONIUM REIGNED! THE DIMINUTIVE GLACIANS WERE BEING KILLED LIKE FLIES, BUT STILL THEY FOUGHT ON, BRAVELY ---

IT WAS AT THIS TIME THAT TARGA, ON A CIRCULAR BALCONY, WAS BLAZING AWAY AT A NEARBY MONSTER, UNAWARE THAT A HUGE HAND WAS REACHING DOWN TOWARD HIM.

BEFORE HE WAS ABLE TO DEFEND HIMSELF, THE PRINCE OF GLACIA WAS CAUGHT UP BY THE SWINGING CLAW-
TARGA!

KOLIAK'S POWERFUL RAY ENVELOPED NELVANA, AS SHE LEAPED TO RESCUE HER FRIEND - HER DIMINUTIVE FIGURE SEEMED TO AMUSE THE BEASTS.
NELVANA CIRCLED TARGA'S GIANT CAPTOR WITH SUCH INCREDIBLE SPEED, THAT THE BRUTE'S AMUSEMENT TURNED TO FEAR -- IT LIFTED A HAND TO PROTECT ITS FACE FROM THE POWERFUL LIGHT.
A DEAFENING CRY OF PAIN RENT THE AIR, AS THE MONSTER CONTACTED THE POWERFUL RAY, THE HUGE BODY HEAVED THROUGH THE BUILDINGS, RELEASING TARGA AS IT FELL!
THE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURE OF PRINCE TARGA CONTINUES ITS DESCENT TO THE CITY'S DEPTHS.
ADRIAN DINGLE
©1941
NELVANA HURLED HERSELF INTO SPACE IN A BRAVE EFFORT TO FIND HER DOOMED FRIEND.
A STRANGE WORLD, GLACIA! A LAND FROZEN INTO SILENCE, WHILE THE WORLD ABOVE HAS DEVELOPED FROM THE DAYS OF THE CAVE-DWELLER TO THOSE OF THE PRESENT -- BUT NOW IN THE MOMENTOUS YEAR OF 1942 A.D. THIS STRANGE FRIGID WORLD IS COMING TO LIFE -- IF ONLY NELVANA REACHES TARGA IN TIME! --- NEXT MONTH WE SHALL KNOW! -- DON'T FORGET!

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FROM OUR READERS

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Overheard in a Edinburgh Street.
"Why dae ye tak the wife tae the library reading room sae often?"
"Has ye no seen the "Silence" notices on the walls!"
MARY WILLEY, Mount Forrest, Ont.

A man out for a walk threw a coin towards a blind man's cup. The coin missed and rolled along the pavement, but the man with the dark glasses quickly recovered it.
"But I thought you were blind!?" Said the man who had thrown the coin.
"No, I am not the regular blind man, sir," he said, "I'm just taking his place while he's at the movies."
OLGA LUSKU, White River, Ont.

Passerby to fisherman.
"How are the fish in this stream?"
Fisherman:
"I really don't know, I've been dropping them a line every day but haven't had an answer yet."

Chief of police:
"So the burglar got away? Did you guard all the exits?
Policeman:
"Yes I did, but he went out an entrance!"

Good morning Mrs. Smith, I'm from the Gas Company. I understand there's something in the house that doesn't work." "Yes, he's upstairs!"

Angry reader:
"Look here, you've printed an announcement of my death in your paper."
The Editor:
"We'll fix that up. We'll put your name in the birth column and give you a fresh start."
MARY ANNA OLYNIK, Windsor, Ont.

Jane(to policeman:
"Mr.policeman, have you seen a lady without a little girl that looks like me?
ROBERT HILL, Fort William, Ont.

"What do you think of the latest movement we girls are starting?"
"I don't know, I haven't been to a dance in weeks."
RICHARD JOHNSTON, Pictou, N.S.

Said a cowboy named Texas LaGrange,
"I'm buyin' these stamps with my change,
'cause each one's a slap
at a Nazi or a Jap
who threatens our home on the range."
ERNEST WOLFE, Melville, Sask

Stopping a passer-by outside a police station, A constable said:
"Can you spare a minute to come inside, sir?"
"What for?" he asked.
"To take part in an identity parade." answered the constable.
"Humph," snorted the passer-by, "They told me that yarn the last time and I was kept in for three months."

A drunkard stopped by a street light, when trying to insert his key in the post, a policeman addressed him:
"What are you doing?" he asked
"I'm unlocking the door of my house."
Then the policeman noticed his condition and said:
"There's no one home, I'm afraid."
GLADYS ROWE, Grafton, Ont

What's the difference between a clock and a horse?"
"What?"
A clock stands still while running."
FRED TURNER, New Westminster, B.C.

Teacher: "Tommy, if you had three apples and you ate one, how many would you have left?"
Tommy: "I would have three left."
Teacher: "How do you make that out?"
Tommy: I'd have one inside, and two outside."
BETTE MacALLISTER, Newcastle, N.B.

There was a young driver named Morning
who refused to heed any warning.
He drove on the track
without looking back,
so they're mourning this morning.
for Morning.
DICK KUWAHARA, Calgary, Alta.

Scotchman(to theater girl:
"How much are the tickets?"
Girl: "Front seats, thirty-five; rear seats a quarter and the program's a nickel."
Scotchman: "I'll just sit in the program."
CLEM McINTOSH, Winnipeg, Man.

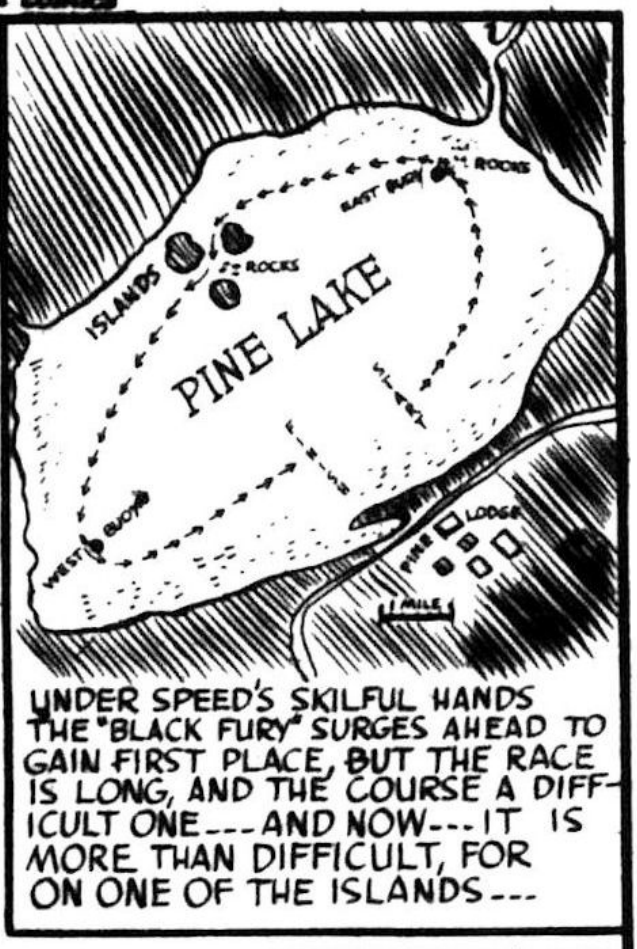
"Speed" SAVAGE

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY T.A. STEELE

THE STORY THUS FAR----

SPEED SAVAGE, FAMOUS CANADIAN ATHLETE AND ACE DETECTIVE, ENTERS HIS MOTOR BOAT, "BLACK FURY" IN THE "CANADIAN OPEN CHAMPIONSHIP" RACE AT THE PINE LAKE REGATTA, THE SUMMER SPORTS CENTRE IN NORTHERN ONTARIO. SPEED, AND VERONICA LONE, HIS BEAUTIFUL ASSISTANT, ARE NEARLY KILLED ON THE WAY TO PINE LODGE, AND GLORIA MASON, THE YOUTHFUL OWNER OF THE LODGE, REVEALS TO SPEED THAT SOMEONE IS TRYING TO RUIN HER BUSINESS BY VIOLENT MEANS- THAT VERY EVENING, SPEED ENTERS THE DIVING TOURNAMENT AND WINS- WHEN HE AND ROY THOMS ARE ABOUT TO CONTEST FOR THE HIGH TOWER CHAMPIONSHIP, AN "ACCIDENT" OCCURS, AND ROY IS KILLED WHEN HE SLIPS FROM THE TOP DIVING PLATFORM, THE EDGE OF WHICH HAD BEEN DELIBERATELY SMEARED WITH GREASE. SPEED FINDS A CLUE, AND THAT NIGHT, IN THE ROLE OF THE "WHITE MASK" HE TRACKS DOWN BREZZLIT, WHO ADMITS HIS GUILT BY FLEEING INTO THE WOODS---- HIS PURSUIT IS INTERRUPTED, HOWEVER, BY A MYSTERIOUS HUNCHBACK, WHO KILLS BREZZLIT AND ESCAPES. NEXT DAY IS THE BIG MOTOR BOAT RACE, AND SPEED, WITH VERONICA AS HIS MECHANIC, HAS ENTERED.

THE STARTING GUN HAS SOUNDED, AND THE SEVEN POWERFUL SPEED BOATS ROAR AWAY. VERONICA, RIDING WITH SPEED IN THE "BLACK FURY" IS THRILLED WITH THE RACE, BUT SPEED'S FACE IS GRIM, FOR HE KNOWS THAT SOME TIME DURING THE RACE, THE "HUNCHBACK OF PINE LAKE" WILL STRIKE!



UNDER SPEED'S SKILFUL HANDS THE "BLACK FURY" SURGES AHEAD TO GAIN FIRST PLACE, BUT THE RACE IS LONG, AND THE COURSE A DIFFICULT ONE---AND NOW---IT IS MORE THAN DIFFICULT, FOR ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS---

A SINISTER FIGURE WORKS FEVERISHLY AT A STRANGE TASK!

THE HUNCHBACK HAS THROWN A NUMBER OF WOODEN KEGS INTO THE WATER, AND, INNOCENT AS THEY APPEAR, BOBBING INTO THE PATH OF THE BOATS, THEY SPELL DEATH AND DESTRUCTION TO THE ENTRANTS OF THE RACE! IF ONE OF THE BOATS, TRAVELLING OVER 90 MILES AN HOUR, SHOULD STRIKE A KEG--- THE FORCE OF THE IMPACT WOULD TEAR THE BOAT'S HULL LIKE PAPER!

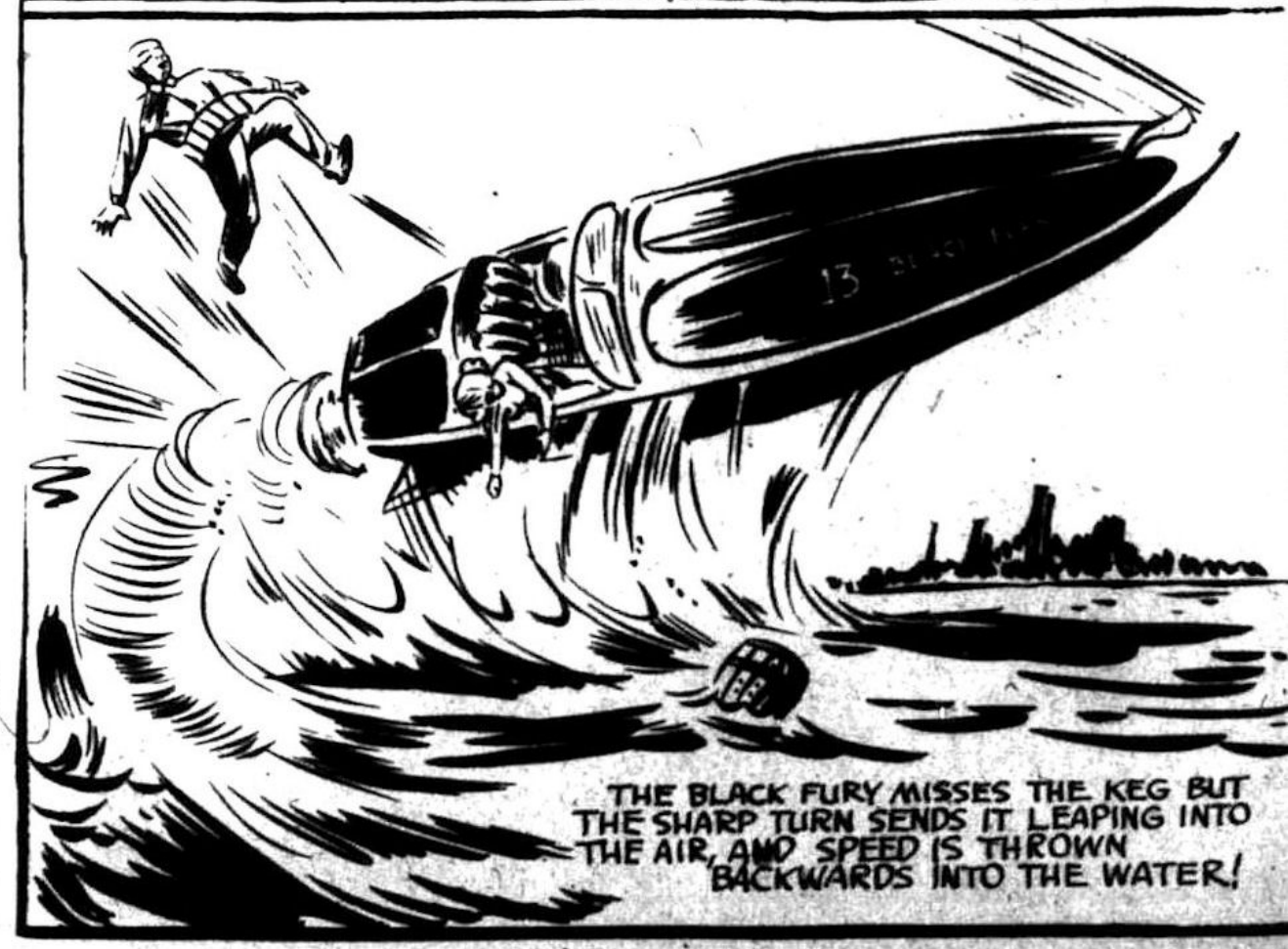
HOLD TIGHT, RONNIE, NO. 5 IS GOING TO TRY TO CUT IN WHEN WE ROUND THE BUOY!
SPEED HOLDS GRIMLY TO HIS LEAD, AND AS THEY NEAR THE EAST BUOY, THE RACE BECOMES A TWO BOAT AFFAIR AS THE "BLACK FURY" AND THE "MICHIGAN" DRAW FURTHER AWAY FROM THE PACK. THE DRIVER OF THE "MICHIGAN" ATTEMPTS TO----

GAIN THE LEAD WITH A HAIRPIN TURN AROUND THE BUOY--BUT THE BOAT SKIDS AND SHOOTS INTO THE AIR. HER DRIVER AND MECHANIC ARE HURLED INTO THE WATER AND THE "MICHIGAN" IS OUT OF THE RACE!
5
PINE LAKE REGATTA

SPEED! TURN AROUND! WE'VE GOT TO PICK THOSE POOR FELLOWS UP!
THEY'RE OKAY RONNIE, THE JUDGES' LAUNCH WILL GET THEM!

THE "BLACK FURY" HOLDS HER LEAD ALL THE WAY BACK FROM THE EAST BUOY, BUT, AS THEY ENTER THE CHANNEL BETWEEN THE ISLANDS, VERONICA SCREAMS.
LOOK OUT, SPEED! IN THE WATER STRAIGHT AHEAD---
WHAT THE---

--FOR DIRECTLY IN FRONT OF THE ROARING "BLACK FURY" IS ONE OF THE HUNCHBACK'S KEGS. SPEED JERKS THE WHEEL---



THE BLACK FURY MISSES THE KEG BUT THE SHARP TURN SENDS IT LEAPING INTO THE AIR, AND SPEED IS THROWN BACKWARDS INTO THE WATER!

MIRACULOUSLY, THE BOAT CRASHES BACK TO WATER, RIGHT SIDE UP. THE MOTOR COUGHS, SPUTTERS, AND STALLS, AND SPEED, DAZED AND WEAK FROM THE TERRIBLE MOMENTUM OF HIS FALL, IS HELPED BACK INTO THE BOAT BY VERONICA.
SPEED, DARLING, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
..IN A MATTER OF MINUTES, THE REST OF THE MOTOR BOATS ARE PASSING THE STALLED "BLACK FURY." SPEED TRIES TO SHOUT A WARNING ABOUT THE FLOATING KEGS, BUT-----
WATCH OUT FOR THOSE KEGS!
IT'S NO USE, RONNIE, THEY CAN'T HEAR ME!
--HIS VOICE IS DROWNED OUT BY THE ROAR OF THE MOTORS, №4 SMASHES INTO ONE OF THE KEGS-- A GAPING HOLE IS TORN IN HER HULL AND SHE IS THROWN INTO A SOMERSAULT BY THE IMPACT.
HEE! LOOK AT THE FOOLS FLOUNDER ABOUT IN THE WATER-- BAH! ENOUGH OF THIS CAT AND MOUSE GAME. TONIGHT I WILL GET THEM ALL!
WHILE ON THE SHORE THE HUNCHBACK WATCHES AND GLOATS!

IT LOOKS PRETTY HOPELESS, BUT WE STILL HAVE A SLIM CHANCE!
SPEED WORKS FEVERISHLY ON THE STALLED ENGINES,---- AND AT THE LAST, WITH A PULSATING ROAR, THE "BLACK FURY" COMES TO LIFE--AND SPEED SETS OUT AFTER THE LEADERS!
HERE THEY COME!
WHILE AT THE FINISH LINE, THE CROWDS, ON SHORE, IN LAUNCHES, BARGES, YACHTS AND SMALLER CRAFT, EAGERLY AWAIT THE MOMENTARY ARRIVAL OF THE WINNERS!
SPEED OPENS THE "BLACK FURY" WIDE AND SENDS IT HURTLING OVER THE WATER---- BY THE TIME THEY ROUND THE WEST BUOY AND HIT THE STRAIGHTAWAY TO THE FINISH, SPEED HAS GUNNED THE POWERFUL BOAT UP TO SECOND PLACE! THE CROWD ROARS IN EXCITEMENT, AS THE "BLACK FURY" BEGINS TO DRAW ABREAST OF NO. 10 -"THE SHARK". HOLDING THE LEAD POSITION----
JUST TWO MORE TO CATCH, RONNIE!
BLAZES! LOOK AT THAT SAVAGE DRIVE!
I AIN'T GOT HIS KIND OF NERVE -
PUMP THAT THROTTLE, RONNIE, IT'S NOW OR NEVER!

NOSE TO NOSE, THE TWO POWERFUL CRAFT RACE TOWARD THE FINISH LINE, BUT, AS THE GUN SOUNDS, TO END THE RACE, SPEED SAVAGE HAS HURLED THE "BLACK FURY" A FEW YARDS AHEAD---- TO CROSS THE LINE, THE WINNER OF THE CANADIAN OPEN!

YOU SHOULD BE HOLDING THE TROPHY, SPEED, YOU WON IT.
THE "BLACK FURY" WON THE RACE, RONNIE, ALL I DID WAS DRIVE IT.

IT'S A MIRACLE THAT SOMEONE WASN'T KILLED OUT THERE, TO-DAY-- AND I'M POSITIVE THAT THE HUNCHBACK WAS RESPONSIBLE! I THINK TONIGHT, THE "WHITE MASK" HAD BETTER VISIT THOSE ISLANDS.

LATER IN THE DAY, SPEED TALKS WITH GLORIA MASON, YOUTHFUL OWNER OF PINE LODGE -
I'M AFRAID I HAD BETTER CLOSE THE LODGE, MR. SAVAGE - POOR ROY THOMS WAS KILLED YESTERDAY, AND NOW THERE'S ILL FEELING ABOUT THOSE KEGS - - -
GIVE ME 24 HOURS, GLORIA, AND I MAY BREAK THIS CASE!

AND THAT NIGHT, WHILE THE GUESTS AT PINE LODGE ATTEND THE REGATTA DANCE ALONE FIGURE STANDS AT THE END OF THE WHARF! SPEED SAVAGE, THE ATHLETE HAS BECOME THE ENEMY OF CRIME - - IN A WHITE MASK -
I HOPE THAT MOTOR DOESN'T STALL.. IT'S A LONG WAY TO THOSE ISLANDS.

THE SILENCE OF THE AUGUST NIGHT IS BROKEN BY THE MUFFLED ROAR OF A MOTOR BOAT, AS SPEED SENDS THE "BLACK FURY" OUT INTO THE DARKNESS.

SOME TIME LATER, SPEED NEARS THE ISLANDS - - HE CUTS THE MOTOR, AND THE "BLACK FURY" DRIFTS IN ON THE WAVES - - - TO THE WOODED SHORE -

THE HUNCH-BACK OF PINE LAKE!
SPEED MOORS THE BOAT, AND MAKES HIS WAY TOWARD A LIGHT, SHINING THROUGH THE TREES- HE STOPS SUDDENLY AT A SMALL CABIN, AND THEN HIS PULSE QUICKENS, FOR SILHOUETTED IN THE WINDOW IS A HUNCHBACKED FORM!
SPEED, GUN IN HAND ENTERS THE CABIN ONLY TO FIND A CLEVERLY RIGGED DUMMY!
IT'S A DUMMY!
HE WHEELS ABOUT, AND GASPS IN HORROR AS A HUNCHED FIGURE MOVES SWIFTLY TOWARD HIM FROM A SHADOWY CORNER!
DROP THAT GUN!

AS SPEED LOWERS HIS GUN, THE HIDEOUS FIGURE TAKES DELIBERATE AIM AND FIRES! SPEED SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR!

FOOL!

SCARCELY GLANCING AT SPEED'S MOTIONLESS FORM, THE HUNCHBACK LEAVES THE CABIN AND MOVES OUT INTO THE NIGHT!

ALL WILL BE GAY, TONIGHT, AT PINE LODGE... SINGING AND DANCING, AS THEY CELEBRATE THEIR STUPID RACE... WELL,... DANCE WHILE YOU MAY, FOOLS, FOR-----

THE HUNCHBACK IS COMING!

SPEED SAVAGE LIES SHOT, ON THE FLOOR OF THE CABIN, POWERLESS TO STOP THE HUNCHBACK, AS THE FIEND SETS OUT FOR PINE LODGE!

IS SPEED'S BULLET WOUND FATAL?---AND WHAT LIES IN STORE FOR THE GUESTS OF PINE LODGE? WHO IS THIS HIDEOUS HUNCHBACKED CREATURE? THE ANSWERS ARE WAITING FOR YOU IN NEXT MONTH'S

"SPEED SAVAGE"

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY

T.A. STEELE

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THE CASE OF DR. LAZARR

BY E. T. LEGAULT ILLUST BY M. KARN

THE CASE OF DR. LAZARR

by

E. T. Legault

There had been a jailbreak!

Sirens were wailing; police were desperately combing the vicinity of the huge hospital-jail in fast scout cars. Men, by the score, and well-armed, were searching every nook and forgotten spots of the entire city, while women and children for miles around, locked themselves indoors!

The escaped prisoner was an inhuman beast. He had been sentenced to death for his diabolical crimes — horrible crimes, which he had said, were for the sake of humanity. Young men, women, and even little children, had mysteriously vanished from the community of Pittsfield, Pa. Had been brutally murdered by this madman for the sake of his devilish work. Once more this black-hearted killer, Ivor Lazarr, was at large!

In a secluded forest not far from the city, an old, rickety sawmill stood forlorn—fearsomely like a haunted dwelling place. The clearing round it, the softly muttering river, and pond of stagnant water, showed no signs of life.

Suddenly, a disheveled figure, breathing laboriously, broke out of the forest.

Staggering and stumbling, it ran to the abandoned mill's only entrance. The old worm-eaten door was locked from the inside, and the terrified man pounded upon it with both fists, crying in agonized gasps:

"Wilks—! Open up—! In the name of satan, let me in—! It's I, Lazarr! They'll shoot me on sight—On sight if I'm seen — — !"

There were soft shuffling of footsteps coming towards the door, then the weather-beaten barrier creaked open on rusty hinges.

"Doctor Lazarr!" crackled the trembling voice of an old man. "Come in, quick!"

The hunted criminal staggered into the semi-dark building, and the old man shut the door behind his frightful visitor, slamming the bolt home.

"Heh, heh, heh! We'll show society that it can't keep us away from our research work, eh, Doctor?"

Panting wheezingly, the criminal doctor leaned back with fatigue against the sawdust-covered machinery.

"Yes—, Doctor Wilks," was Lazarr's

laboured reply, "For you it shall be so. For myself—". He paused then added: "I am at the end of my career."

A terrible agony seared through his voice as he went on: "Fate has finally caught up with me—I haven't very long to live. Cancer in the right lung—Oh, maybe a few days, I don't know. However, the law won't get me before I die—I promise you that!"

The other nodded and the speaker went on: "My great research work has led to a certain discovery—A discovery that will help me cheat the chair! Ha, ha, ha!" His mad laughter ended in a spasm of coughing—Horrible coughing that shook his entire frame. Old Dr. Wilks, bent double with age, waited in silence for his visitor to go on. When the other's frightful coughing finally ceased, he resumed his talk, laboriously yet earnestly:

"Yes, Doctor Wilks—, all I want is twelve hours, then the law can have what's left of me—bones, and the horror that shall be my deliverer!" Here mad laughter followed. Then:

"Doctor, you must take me to your laboratory at once, before they discover my hideout! Quick, man, lead me to it before it is too late!"

The old Doctor Wilks, who was harmless, having gone out of his mind many years ago, scuttled away through the dimly-lit old mill, calling over his shoulder in his crackling voice, "Follow me, Doctor!" His grotesque shape led Dr. Lazarr down a creaking stairway and into a gloomy cellar.

Coming to a massive oaken door, the old man produced a small ring of keys and, after much fumbling and rattling, unlocked his laboratory. Dr. Lazarr hurried into the other's workshop. As the bent old man made to follow him, Lazarr, face ugly to look upon, turned like amaniac on Dr. Wilks, driving him back out of the room, then slammed the heavy door.

The old man was staggered for the moment, wondering at Lazarr's strange behaviour. But the doomed man had a reason for not wanting the aged Doctor with him.

Could it be that Ivor Lazarr wanted his horrible formula to die with him for some reason of his own? Dr. Wilks was puzzled.

When the mad Dr. Lazarr was alone once again—free to work his devilish

brew— he worked feverishly, mixing fluids from one test-tube to another, sweat pouring down his distorted face—a face showing stark agony. His queer experiment finally completed, he poured this into a heavy tumbler. Lazarr scrutinized his evil, muddy-looking concoction for a brief moment, and a sneering grin creased his tortured face.

He swallowed the potion in one quick gulp, shuddering, like one fearing the approach of the executioner.

Lazarr slumped heavily into a chair, a blank look coming to his eyes.

The empty glass dropped from his lax fingers; he clutched his stomach with both hands. Horrible screams rang from tortured lips and, like one possessed, he leaped out of his chair and hurled himself blindly against the wall.

Broken glass clattered to the floor when Lazarr crashed into the crystal-littered shelves in the room.

Gagging horribly, like a poisoned creature, his face distorted into a frightful mask of agony, the condemned doctor's hulk struck the floor like an inert thing, to change, slowly and terrible, to a writhing, jerking mass of flesh.

Night finally set in—a dreary, black night, reeking of death and horror; but the bent, old Dr. Wilks, standing like a

petrified object outside the locked door of his laboratory, seemed unaware of it. He stood in an agony of suspense, unaware of nothing but the blood-chilling screams and agonized wails coming from the other side of the locked barrier.

And when a small group of well-armed policement trailed the escaped Lazarr to that abandoned spot, urged on by the unearthly cries coming from somewhere within the old mill, tore down the locked door and advanced along to the old mill stairs, the bent old man did not move.

By this time the awful cries from within the laboratory had ceased—only a strange purring sound came from within the locked room—a weird, ceaseless scraping like that of a heavy scaly body.

The dreadful sound was broken by excited voices and the pounding feet of the policemen, as they prepared to break down the heavy door leading into the laboratory.

A heavy, worm-eaten timber was hauled from a pile of sawdust by the group of desperate men, and used as a battering ram.

With this heavy beam the excited policemen attacked the sturdy door. Once, twice, three times the heavy timber struck the planking with jarring impact before the thick door finally gave beneath the terrific onslaught.

It crashed inward on one broken hinge amidst a cloud of dust. For a few seconds the men could distinguish nothing in the gloom of the room's dark interior.

Two strong beams from the policemen's flashlights streamed into the room; glided over shelves littered with paraphernalia of chemical equipment; upon a heap of broken glass in one corner of the laboratory; then came to rest with a dead stop upon the most hideous nightmare ever beheld by human eyes.

Each and every one of the men standing beside the broken door gave a gasp of horror at the sight of the terrifying thing glaring into the beams of light, from among the gruesome remains of its grisly meal—bleached human bones and a skull, picked dry, lay scattered about. All that was left of Dr. Ivor Lazarr!

The crawling thing, that had once been devouring the inside of the criminal Dr. Lazarr in the shape of a consuming cancer scuttled nervously toward the spot from whence came the blinding beams of light.

Three high-powered rifles thundered simultaneously with deafening reports in that underground, musky-smelling cellar, and the gruesome thing suddenly recoiled with a jerk—.

The sickening thing was still alive!

Bullets had no effect on the ugly thing—the thing immune to death!

The horrified policemen fell back in a body when a rasping, taunting laugh seemed to come from that hideous, glaring creature.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" Came the terrible laugh raspingly.

"That laugh—it's the laugh of Lazarr!" Cried one of the bewildered men. The policemen pumped more bullets into the hideous object, but the only effect they had upon it, was like striking a solid rubber weight; each shot rebounded against the horrible glaring reptile.

With a startling suddenness, the enormous thing of disease and death scuttled toward the door and the horrified policemen. The men, in sudden panic, scattered from out of the fearful thing's path.

More taunting laughter came from the creature—or was it only the imaginations of the petrified policemen—minds filled with such terror of the purring thing that it seemed to emit the cackling laugh of Lazarr?

Scraping along the rough floor-boards

the scuttling horror made its way into a huge rent beneath a heap of sawdust, and diasppeared.

Out of the night there suddenly came a piercing shriek of mortal terror — then a tremulous cry of stark madness with the ring of Dr. Lazarr's voice.

The group of policemen in the old mill cellar, seemed to come out of a strange trance at the wild, unearthly screams. As they made a dash up the old ladder, one of the men hastily looked over his shoulded for the bent old man who had stood transfixed all that time before the horror-filled labratory, but he was not there.

"Where's the old chap who was down here with us—?"

"He's disappeared!" Another policeman gasped: "Good God, could that be him somewhere up there—in the claws of that crawling horror?"

As that hideous thought came into their minds, they all went up to the next floor in double time.

Squeaking, running machinery, laboring for power, suddenly came to the ears of the men. Startled, they stopped short, holding their breath.

The huge circular saws of the trimmer began to hum. Then the blood-curdling screams were resumed, coming from the direction of the singing saws.

Once again the small party of policemen hurried toward the working trimmer. They suddenly came to a stop — freezing in their tracks at the shocking scene before them.

Lying grotesquely awesome on the moving trimmer-belts, along the wide tables, the reptile of disease was slowly carried toward the humming circular saws. Its little beady eyes were glaring fixedly to one side of the old mill, and unearthly shrieks that sent chills of ghastly horror through the watchers, pierced the air.

Motionless like a petrified object at the old saw mill's starting switch, stood the bent, old doctor, his eyes bulging out of his head, as he held fast to the opened switch. Beads of sweat stood out on his forehead, while his face was a distorted mask of deadly fear.

The insane old Dr. Wilks was trying to perform one good deed—to destroy that living thing of evil and death.

As if the vile spirit of the late Dr. Lazarr was still inside that glaring monster of dread, it sprang at the old man before the saws could destroy it.

A scream—a scream so terrifying as to pierce into the very souls of the watching policemen, left the old man, as the thing, with clutching talons, plopped onto his chest.

Screaming in stark fear, and beating a tattoo of blows that resounded hollowly upon the sickening-looking thing fastened to his throat, the madman ran blindly toward the slab-trough.

Apparently blinded by fear, the old man did not see the trough, and he tripped and fell headlong into it.

The small group of staggered policemen all made a dive toward the trough with the intention of trying to save the old man from the shrieking demon of disease.

But they were too late, as they found out on reaching the scrap-wood channel, for already the writhing old doctor and the creature of death were being borne closer and closer toward the maw of the huge burner.

The watching men gasped with horror at the old doctor's dreadful perdicament. "Good heavens, look!" cried one of the terrified onlookers, "the old burner has been fired! He'll be burned to death!"

One of the policemen ran to the mill's main switch; while the rest, helpless to aid the old man in any way because of the many low barriers obstructing their further progress, watched in awe.

With the screaming lament of a lost soul renting the air, old Dr. Wilks vanished into the open mouth of the burner, and, with the reptile cancer wailing horribly in the voice of Dr. Ivor Lazarr, while still clinging to its prey in a death-hold, plunged thirty feet into a blazing inferno.

The death screams of both man and monster, ceased almost immediately on disappearing into the fire. The policemen had thought of the mill's power switch too late to save the insane old doctor.

With the death of Dr. Wilks—who died a martyr of body and mind through the cause of medical science, there also perished through him, an evil reptile creature of disease, which had once been in the form of a mad criminal doctor.

Thus ended the horrible career of a madman.

And once again, women and children, even young men could go to their usual habits of life in safety and in peace of mind for the fiend, Dr. Lazarr, and the gnawing monster of death which had consumed his whole body, were no more.

THE END.

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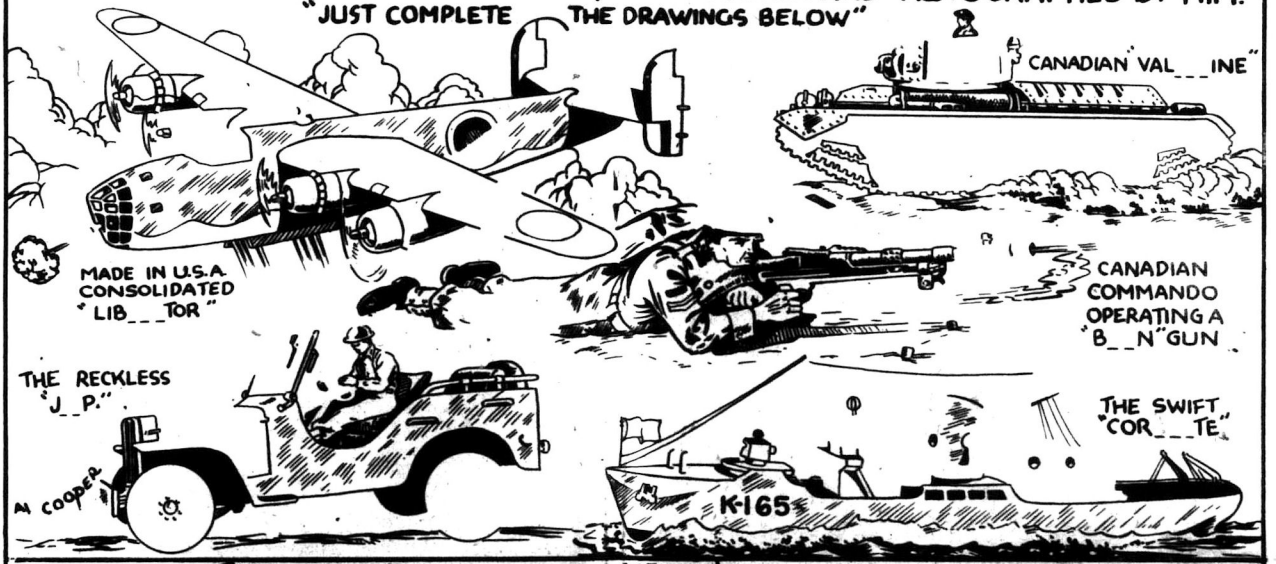

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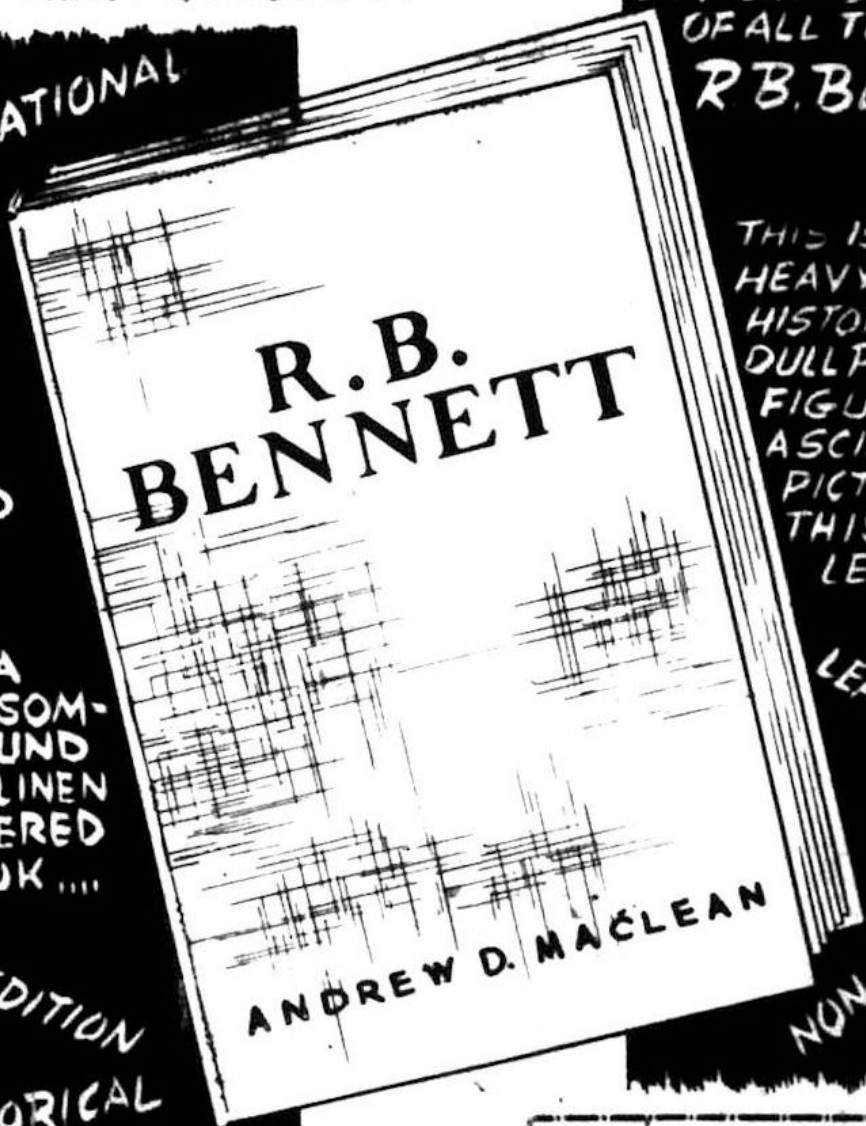

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TANG

THE CAPTURE OF "RED"

STORY and ILLUSTRATIONS by

Rene L Grebach

BUDDY BRECKENRIDGE, PONY-EXPRESS RIDER FOR THE *GREAT WEST* COMPANY, WITH *TANG*, HIS WHITE STALLION, SPENDS A DAY IN *ARNO*, BEFORE LEAVING FOR *KELTON*, WHERE HE IS TO SEE THE SHERIFF, BRINGING HIM IMPORTANT PAPERS, INCRIMINATING *FARO*, THE GAMBLER.

FARO IS TIPPED OF AND WANTS TO PREVENT *BUDDY* FROM DELIVERING THE DOCUMENTS.

HE GETS IN TOUCH WITH "*RED*", A NOTORIOUS BANDIT, UNKNOWN IN THIS PART OF THE COUNTRY.

A FEW MOMENTS LATER, "RED" APPROACHES BUDDY.

WITH A GRUNT, "RED" SPILLS THE CONTENTS OF HIS GLASS INTO BUDDY'S FACE.

A TERRIFIC AND UNEXPECTED RIGHT, SENDS THE BANDIT TO THE FLOOR.

LEAVING THE SALOON, BUDDY SEES "RED" IN THE MIRROR ABOVE THE DOOR, HAVING REGAINED HIS SENSES, DRAWING HIS GUN.

WITH LIGHTNING SPEED, THE EXPRESS RIDER WHIRLS AROUND, SHATTERING THE SILENCE WITH THE SHARP REPORT OF HIS TRUSTED *COLT* –

AND SMASHING THE REVOLVER OUT OF THE HAND OF THE STUPEFIED BANDIT.

ONCE OUTSIDE, "*RED*" IS HAILED BY *FARO*, WHOSE RAGE KNOWS NO BOUNDS.

EARLY NEXT DAY, *BUDDY* STARTS OUT ON HIS TRIP TO *KELTON*.

"*RED*" AND AN INDIAN ARE WATCHING HIS DEPARTURE —

WONDER WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH "TANG"?
BREWING SOME TEA, BUDDY NOTICES TANG'S QUEER BEHAVIOUR

LOOKING AROUND, HE SEES FLEEING ANTELOPES AND CLOUDS OF SMOKE.

BUFFALOES STAMPEDE AHEAD OF THE FIRE.

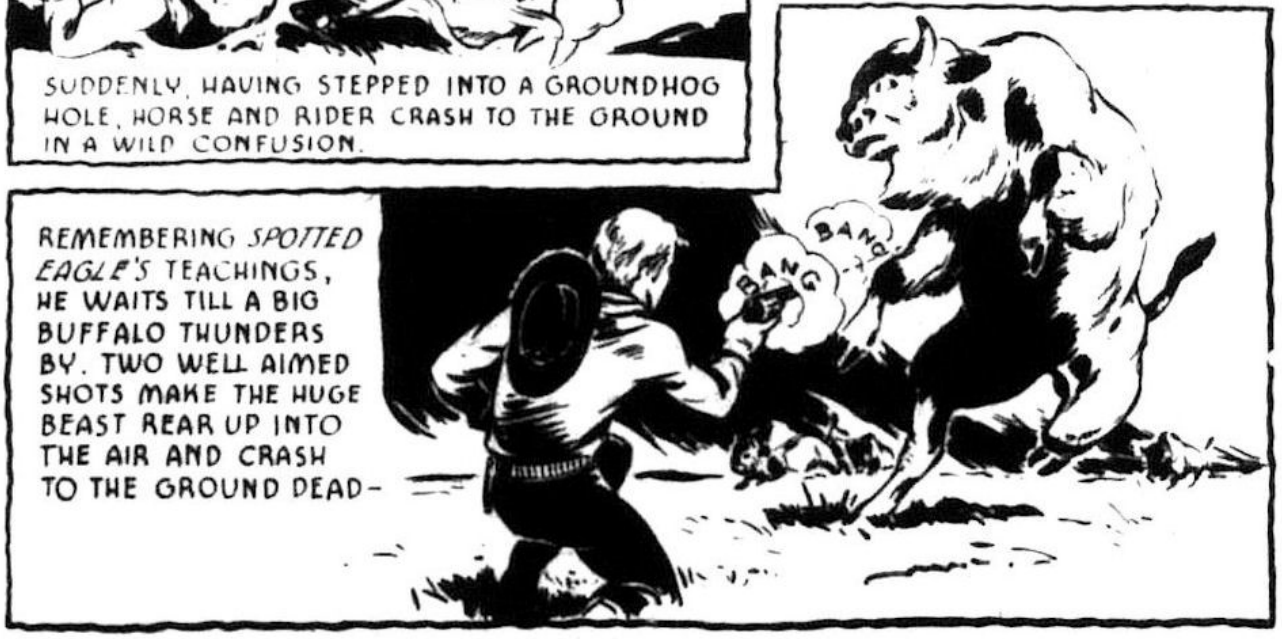
MUD-RIVER, OUR ONLY HOPE!
LEAPING ON "TANG" HE RIDES FOR HIS LIFE.

MEANWHILE:
THAT'LL MAKE A ROAST CHICKEN OUTA HIM!
WIND GOOD, FIRE GOOD - KILL WHITE BOY!

SMOKE AND FLAMES SEEM TO GAIN ON THE FLEEING RIDER AND ANIMALS. THE GROUND SHAKES UNDER THE HEAVY BODIES OF THE PANICKY BUFFALOES.

SUDDENLY, HAVING STEPPED INTO A GROUNDHOG HOLE, HORSE AND RIDER CRASH TO THE GROUND IN A WILD CONFUSION.

STILL DIZZY FROM THE SPILL, *BUDDY* FINDS HIMSELF ALONE.


REMEMBERING *SPOTTED EAGLE'S* TEACHINGS, HE WAITS TILL A BIG BUFFALO THUNDERS BY. TWO WELL AIMED SHOTS MAKE THE HUGE BEAST REAR UP INTO THE AIR AND CRASH TO THE GROUND DEAD-
BANG
BANG

WITH A FEW QUICK STROKES OF HIS HUNTING KNIFE, RACING AGAINST TIME, *BUDDY* OPENS-UP THE FALLEN ANIMALS BODY AND REMOVES ALL INSIDES. IT IS HIS ONLY CHANCE OF SURVIVAL AND HE HAS TO TAKE IT.

WAITING TO THE LAST MOMENT, HE CREEPS INTO THE BLOODY AND SMELLY CARCASS BEFORE THE FLAMES LEAP OVER THE BUFFALO, ROASTING AND BURNING THE THICK HIDE.

RIDING ON, THE PAIR IS STOPPED BY A LOUD HUMAN VOICE.

TURNING AROUND, THE REDSKIN THROWS THE DEADLY TOMAHAWK.

BANG
DUCKING, BUDDY IN A FLASH DRAWS HIS COLT AND SHOOTS THE INDIAN FROM HIS PINTO.
I'LL GIT YE!
NOT SO FAST-
BANG
DROPPING THE REDSKIN, HE LEAPS WITH THE AGILITY OF A CAT OUT OF "RED'S MURDEROUS PATH.
SIDESTEPPING AND GRABING THE FOOT OF THE BYRUSHING BANDIT, HE JERKS HIM FROM THE SADDLE.
SO YOU ARE THE FIREBUG, -EH?
WITH A DULL THUD, THE OUTLAW CRASHES ON HIS BACK INTO THE DUST.

ALLOWING THE FALLEN MAN TO RISE TO HIS FEET, *BUDDY* KNOCKS HIM DOWN A SECOND TIME

BEATEN BUT NOT OUT, "*RED*" GRASPS A HIDDEN KNIFE, BLIND RAGE DRIVING HIM MAD.

WELL AIMED, *BUDDY'S* BOOT CRASHES INTO THE KNIFE CLASPING HAND, SENDING IT THROUGH THE AIR.

A RIGHT TO THE BELT AND A WHISTLING LEFT TO THE JAW, FINISH THE BANDIT.

HAVING CAUGHT THE HORSES, *BUDDY* LIFTS THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN INTO THE SADDLE AND TIES HIS HANDS SECURELY AROUND HIS HORSES NECK.

MEANWHILE :
SURROUNDED BY BUFFALO AND ANTELOPE, "TANG" RACES ON AND PLUNGES FROM THE STEEP RIVER-BANK INTO THE MUDDY WATER - EVERY ANIMAL IS DRIVEN BY THE ONLY THOUGHT OF SELFPRESERVATION.
AFTER THE FIRE, CHECKED BY THE RIVER, DIED DOWN, "TANG" DECIDES TO LOOK FOR HIS MASTER -
3
2
THE WATER IS COVERED WITH NUMEROUS BOBBING HEADS OF BEASTS SEEKING ESCAPE FROM BURNING DEATH.
ON HIS WAY BACK OVER THE BURNT AND SMOKING PRARIE, "TANG" RECOGNISES BUDDY'S CALL AND NEIGHS IN WELCOME RESPONSE.
HEY, OLD BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

WONDER WHEN HE'LL COME TO
REGAINING CONSCIOUSNESS "RED"
WHILE STILL PRETENDING TO BE IN A FAINT MANAGES TO SLIP THE ROPES.....

THE FIGHT AIN'T OVER YET!
..AND UPON LETTING BUDDY AHEAD, STRIKES A HAMMERING BLOW AT HIS UNSUSPECTING CAPTOR.....

VE, HERE THEY ARE, FARO WILL HAVE TO PAY!
HURRIEDLY, "RED" LOOKS FOR THE PAPERS

SSSST
.... AND DASHES OFF, WHEN A SHARP AND SHRILL WHISTLE SOUNDS .....

.... AN HE BETTER PAY THE $500, PRONTO!
MOUNTING TANG, HE DIGS THE SPURS INTO HIS SIDES .....

IN PLACE OF A TAME WHITE HORSE, THERE APPEARED AN INFURIATED BEAST, BOUND ON DESTRUCTION. AFTER A FEW MORE LEAPS, TANG RIDS HIMSELF OF THE HATED BURDEN.....

HELP
BEFORE REGAINING HIS FEET, TANG HAS "RED" BY THE BELT, SHAKING HIM...

NOW FELLOW, YOU BETTER BEHAVE OR TANG WILL TEACH YOU ANOTHER LESSON!
TAKE THE HORSE AWAY.... I GIVE UP!

NOW TO SEE THE SHERIFF
IN KELTON, PEOPLE WATCH THE STRANGE PROCESSION.....

SHERIFF, HERE ARE THE PAPERS, AND A BUM WHO TRIED TO GET THEM.
MUCH 'BLIGED, SON, YE DON'T KNOW WHAT YE CALIGHT, TAKE A LOOK AT THIS!
BUDDY MEETS THE SHERIFF IN FRONT OF HIS OFFICE.....

NTED
RED TED
$1000.
REWARD
DEAD
ALIVE

WHAT WILL BUDDY and TANG'S NEXT ADVENTURE BE?
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DON'T MISS THE BIG WAR CONTEST ON PAGES 32 & 33 OF THIS ISSUE

CAPTAIN WONDER

by ROSS K. SAAKEL

WHAT'S TROUBLING YOU, DEAR? YOU HAVEN'T SPOKEN A WORD ALL EVENING! IS IT SOMETHING I'VE SAID OR DONE?
NO, OF COURSE NOT, IT'S JUST THAT I'VE HAD THE STRANGEST FEELING ALL DAY THAT SOMETHING DREADFUL WAS ABOUT TO HAPPEN- IT'S ONLY MY IMAGINATION I GUESS!

THE DISTRESSED WOMAN TOSSES AND TURNS IN HER BED FOR HOURS.
SLEEP! PEACEFUL SLEEP! WHY DO YOU NOT RELIEVE ME OF THESE HIDEOUS FORE—BODINGS?

SUDDENLY AN EERIE MIST ENVELOPES THE ROOM AND IS MOULDED INTO THE FORM OF SATAN.
SHIRLEY McLORY, YOU ARE TO PERFORM A MISSION!

I HAVE HERE A CHILD, HE IS DESTINED TO CARRY OUT MY PLANS ON EARTH, AND YOU, SHIRLEY McLORY WILL CLAIM HIM AS YOUR OWN, IF ANY HARM COMES TO HIM, I SHALL PLUCK YOUR PRETTY SOUL FROM ITS BODY!

AND NOW....FOR ALL INFORMATION HE IS YOURS!

GONE! HE JUST FADED THROUGH THE WALLS! YET, IT CAN'T BE A DREAM — THE BABY'S STILL HERE!

THE HYSTERICAL WOMAN RUNS BLINDLY INTO THE BLACK SILENT NIGHT.
SHIRLEY COME BACK HERE!

YOU'VE GOT TO GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF!

THE NIGHT'S EVENTS PROVE TOO MUCH FOR THE WOMAN, SHE SWOONS IN HER HUSBAND'S ARMS.
SHIRLEY, SHIRLEY!

SUDDENLY, FROM OUT OF THE DARK HEAVENS HURTLES THE MIGHTY CAPT. WONDER
WHAT'S ALL THE EXCITEMENT ABOUT?
HUH!

CAPT. WONDER IDENTIFIES HIMSELF TO THE STARTLED YOUNG AUTHOR.
SO YOU'RE THE GREAT CAPT. WONDER I'VE HEARD SO MUCH ABOUT, WELL I DOUBT IF EVEN YOU CAN HELP US!
JUST TRY ME!

THEY CARRY SHIRLEY BACK TO THE SMALL CABIN AND PLACE HER IN BED, THEN JACK EXPLAINS ALL THE TERRIFYING DETAILS OF SATAN'S VISIT

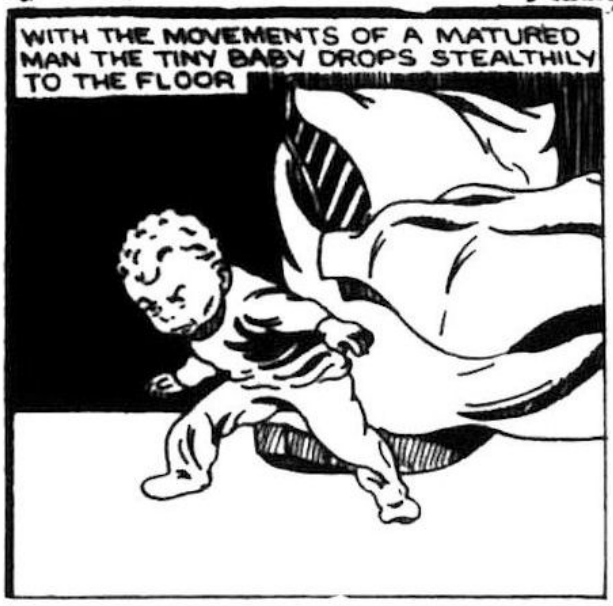
YOU LOOK VERY SKEPTICAL, BUT I SWEAR EVERY WORD OF MY STORY IS TRUE!
YOUR SINCERITY HAS CONVINCED ME — GO TO BED AND TRY TO SLEEP, I'LL KEEP A WATCH OVER THE BABY!

AFTER A SEEMING ETERNITY OF WAITING, JACK DROPS OFF TO SLEEP AND CAPT. WONDER STATIONS HIMSELF AT A WINDOW OUTSIDE THE McLORY ABODE.

HIS KEEN OBSERVANT GAZE RESTS UPON THE SMALL, CHERUBIC FIGURE THAT IS THE CAUSE OF ALL THE CONSTERNATION.

THE HOUSE IS DARK AND SILENT, THE STEADY BREATHING OF THE SLUMBERING McLORYS DRIFTS THROUGH THE EMPTY STILLNESS, THE CHILD STIRS AND SLOWLY RAISES IT'S SELF

THE TINY FACE GAZES WARILY ABOUT THE ROOM IT'S ANGELIC EXPRESSION IS GONE — IN IT'S PLACE IS AN EVIL, MALIGNANT LEER.



CAPT. WONDER FOLLOWS THE CAT-LIKE MOVEMENTS OF THE WEIRD FIGURE WHO, WITH KNIFE IN HAND, WALKS OFF INTO THE NIGHT.

FORTUNE SMILES UPON ME TO-NIGHT, THIS FAIR MAIDEN WILL MAKE A SPLENDID OFFERING, TO HIS CRIMSON MAJESTY!

LET ME GO LET ME GO!

HEY YOU FUGITIVE FROM A NIGHTMARE DO AS THE LADY ASKS!

IN A DESPERATE ATTEMPT TO DISTRACT CAPT. WONDER'S ATTENTION, THE MONSTER LIFTS THE GIRL ABOVE HIS HEAD AND HURLS HER OVER THE CLIFF'S EDGE.

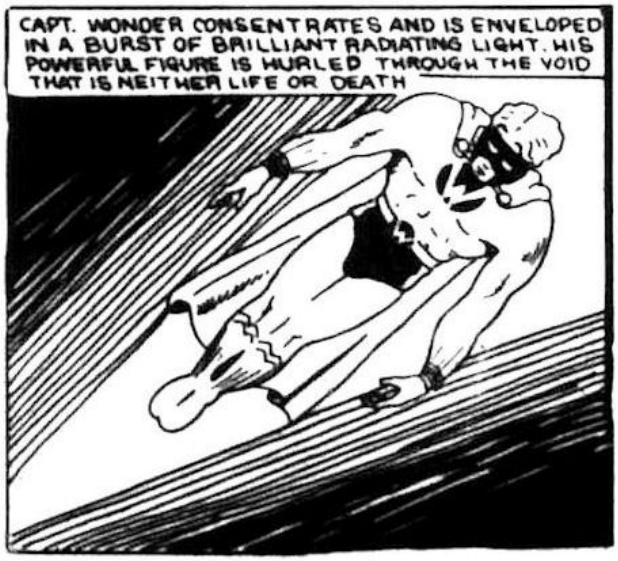
DOWN HURTLES THE MIGHTY FIGURE OF CAPT WONDER, AFTER THE FALLING GIRL

GOT HER!

STRIKING THE ROCKS BELOW CAPT. WONDER SOMERSAULTS BACK UP TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF
NOW TO SETTLE WITH THE MONSTER!

HE'S GONE — IT'S JUST POSSIBLE THAT HE HEADED FOR THE McLORY SHACK— I HOPE I GET THERE IN TIME!
WELL, CAN YOU BEAT THAT! THE BIG LUG JUST DROPS ME AND ZOOMS OFF AGAIN! I MUST BE LOSSING MY TOUCH!

IN A FEW SECONDS CAPT. WONDER REACHES HIS DESTINATION
QUICK—SHIRLEY'S BEEN ABDUCTED BY A HIDEOUS MONSTER—HE SAID HE WAS TAKING HER TO HADES!
WHAT!


CAPT. WONDER CONSENTRATES AND IS ENVELOPED IN A BURST OF BRILLIANT RADIATING LIGHT. HIS POWERFUL FIGURE IS HURLED THROUGH THE VOID THAT IS NEITHER LIFE OR DEATH

WHEN THE AURA DISPELS, CAPT. WONDER EMERGES FACING THE DEMON IN IT'S TRUE FORM

THE FIGHT THAT FOLLOWS IS ONE OF THE STRANGEST EVER FOUGHT. NEVER IN THE ANNALS OF TIME HAS A MORTAL FOLLOWED A MARAUDING DEMON INTO HADES ITSELF TO DO BATTLE WITH IT. CLOSER, THEY STRUGGLE TO THE FIERY ABYSS EDGE. ONE SLIP AND CAPT. WONDER WILL BE DOOMED TO AN ETERNITY OF SUFFERING.
CONT. NEXT ISSUE

ADVENTURE
HUMOUR
·ADVENTURE·
PRIVATE STUFF
THE ARMY'S ONE-MAN-BLITZKREIG
COL. BRAGGART
-BRAGGING AGAIN
ACE BARTON
AN ADVENTURE IN THE R.A.F.
"FLYING CIRCUS"
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"ACE" BARTON

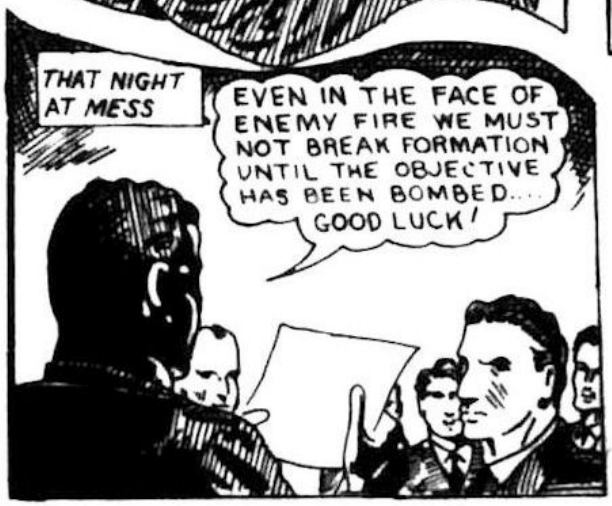
by ROSS SAAKEL

BURT

"ACE"

THAT'S IT, EXACTLY BARTON! THE DESTRUCTION OF THAT PLANT WILL CRIPPLE GERMANY'S OIL SUPPLY AND HELP DELAY THE EXPECTED INVASION!
BUT SIR, THAT OIL DUMP IS A DEATH TRAP FOR MY SHIPS!

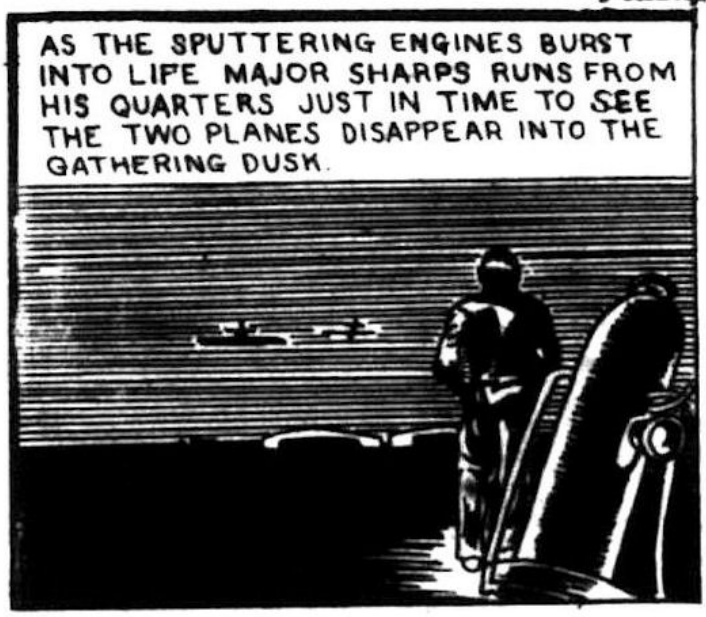
YOU SEEM TO FORGET THAT THIS IS WAR! I DON'T LIKE IT ANYMORE THAN YOU DO, BUT ORDERS ARE ORDERS!
YES SIR!


THAT NIGHT AT MESS
EVEN IN THE FACE OF ENEMY FIRE WE MUST NOT BREAK FORMATION UNTIL THE OBJECTIVE HAS BEEN BOMBED.... GOOD LUCK!

ACE, I WAS WONDERING IF WE COULDN'T PULL THIS LITTLE JOB BY OURSELVES. WE 'AVE NO MOTHERS, WIVES OR SWEET'EARTS TO CRY OVER OUR DEAD BODIES, BUT THE OTHER CHAPS 'AVE .... WHAT SAY WE TAKE A COUPLE OF 'AND GRENADES AND TAKE A CRACK AT IT!
NOW YOU'RE COOKING WITH GAS- LET'S GO!

THIRTY MINUTES LATER 'ACE' AND BURT HURRY ACROSS THE RUNWAY TO THE PLANES WITH A BOX OF HAND GRENADES UNDER EACH ARM.

AND THEN 'ACE' GIVES BURT THE SIGNAL TO TAKE OFF.

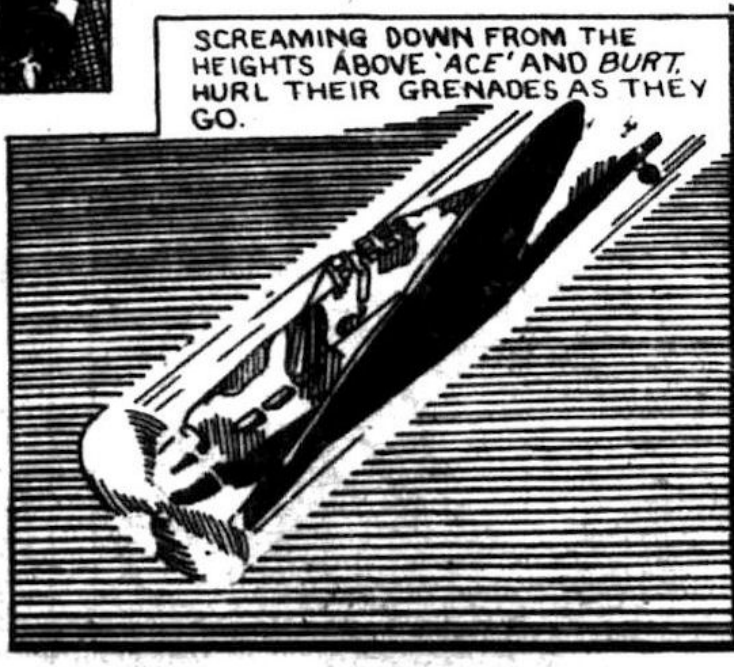

AS THE SPUTTERING ENGINES BURST INTO LIFE MAJOR SHARPS RUNS FROM HIS QUARTERS JUST IN TIME TO SEE THE TWO PLANES DISAPPEAR INTO THE GATHERING DUSK.

THE STEADILY CLIMBING RAIDERS ROAR ACROSS THE NORTH SEA TOWARD HOLLAND AND WESTERN GERMANY. THE DRONE OF THEIR ENGINES FADES AS THEY GAIN ALTITUDE .....

FAR BELOW IN OCCUPIED HOLLAND, GERMAN ANTI-AIRCRAFT UNITS FAIL TO DETECT THE BRITISH PLANES BECAUSE OF THE EXTREMELY HIGH ALTITUDE OF THEIR FLIGHT.

BLIMEY! WE'RE RIGHT OVER THE OIL DUMP! WHAT NOW?

DIVE— AND MAKE SURE YOUR GRENADES MAKE A DIRECT HIT!

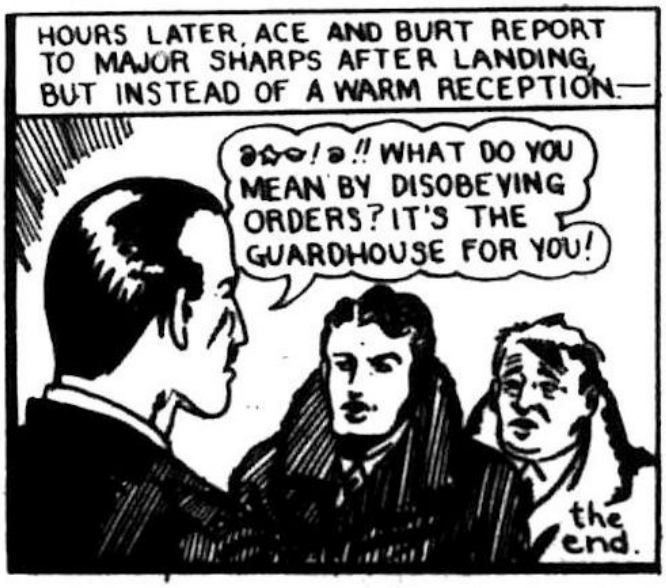

SCREAMING DOWN FROM THE HEIGHTS ABOVE 'ACE' AND BURT, HURL THEIR GRENADES AS THEY GO.

PULL OUT, BURT! PULL OUT!

AND THEN THERE IS AN EAR—SHATTERING EXPLOSION, THE OIL DUMP ROCKS AND TOSSES IN A GROTESQUE DANCE OF DEATH. THE BRAVE COUPLE HAVE SUCCEEDED IN THEIR MAD GAMBLE.

THEY SURVIVE THE TERRIBLE HOLOCAUST AND WING TRIUMPHANTLY HOME, LEAVING BEHIND THEM A RAGING HELL.

BLIMEY! I BETS WE GET A BLINKEN MEDAL FOR OUR BR'YYVERY!


HOURS LATER, ACE AND BURT REPORT TO MAJOR SHARPS AFTER LANDING, BUT INSTEAD OF A WARM RECEPTION.—
@☆@!@!! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY DISOBEYING ORDERS? IT'S THE GUARDHOUSE FOR YOU!
the end.

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the sensational character find of 1942
THE NOODLE
by SAMMEL

DETAILS OF A FAMOUS GERMAN BOMBER

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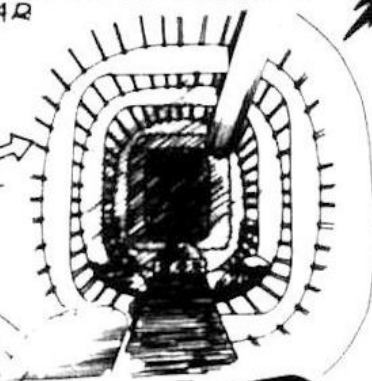
SMALL SPACE PREVENTS EFFECTIVE USE OF FOUR REAR MACHINE GUNS.

THE BIG PIPE IS FOR DUMPING GAS IN EMERGENCIES



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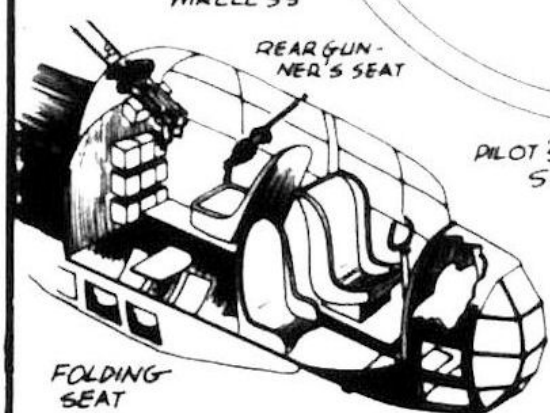
REAR GUNNER'S SEAT

PILOT'S ARMORED SEAT

INSIDE OF FUSELAGE: GYROCOMPASS, OXYGEN BOTTLES & FOLDED RAFTS



FOLDING SEAT

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